

THE PRESCRIPTION.

They were sitting at the gate—
Man and maid—
Still he talked, although late,
Longing much to hear his fate,
Yet to as; it half afraid.

"If I only knew," said he—
"Only knew," said she—
"Let me give advice," said she—
"Make a confidant of me,"
"I can be a help to you."

"Ah! I know that," answered he,
With a sigh—
"Now I guess I'll," said she;
"You're in love," he cried see,
And afraid to tell her—"

"You're a wretch to guess so well,"
Answered he,
"I would like to have you tell
How to make a sick heart well:
Kindly now prescribe for me."

"Every heart will cure a heart,"
Low laughed she;
"You must find another heart,
Then your own will lose its smart—
Try this olden remedy."

"Let me have your heart," he pleaded,
"Nay," said she;
"I have none," "No heart!" he said;
"Then I go uncomplained."
"Mine a broken heart must be."

"It is yours!" and she laughed low;
"Don't you see?"
"I prescribed it long ago,
Seeing that you suffered so,
What so blind as men can be?"

"Had I only known before,"
Whispered he,
"What a cure you had in store!"
"You'd have suffered all the more;
Men are foolish things," said she

HER LIFE'S SECRET.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
Author of "Strangely Told," "The Thornbush
Mystery," "The Maddest Marriage Ever
Was," "Cecil's Secret," "A Mer-
ciless Foe," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

She went, still indulging her dream of delight, and midway upon a Chestnut-street crossing, found herself in a tangle of vehicles, with a shrill cry of "Look out, lady!" coming from drivers on all sides of her, as carriages and cabs bore threatening down. In utter consternation Lex stopped stock-still. At the same instant a hand grasped her arm, she was urged forward and landed in safety upon the opposite sidewalk. She gave a little gasp of thankfulness, and turned to make her acknowledgments, then put out both hands.

"Oh, Mr. Verrenden!"
It was the original of the portrait, and this was the name which the artist had given her. A gleam of sudden pleasure, as if he said to himself rapturously: "She knows me!" lit up his face.

"It is nothing, Miss Braxton. I am glad I was at hand."

"But—but you will call and let my uncle thank you?" asked Lex, as he was lifting his hat and turning away. "You know my uncle, do you not—Mr. Power Oliphant?"

"I do know Mr. Oliphant, and I'm hesitating—"would be happy to call if I were sure of being welcome."

"Oh, you will be," asserted Lex, confidently.

"So modest of him, such an adventure, so romantic, and all that!" she wound up her story to Dana, half an hour later. "And so lucky that he knew Uncle Oliphant, or I could hardly have asked him here," quite ignoring the order in which her invitation had been given.

"Do we know a Mr. Verrenden, mamma?" asked Dana, doubtfully.

"Your father was over,"
Luncheon was over, and Miss Braxton was putting the last touches to an elaborate toilet when the door-bell rang. Dana was alone in the drawing-room, idly wondering if this were Alexia's visitor being admitted, when a voice she knew asking for her caused the blood to recede in a sudden rush upon her heart. The next moment the visitor stood before her, holding her hand and looking into her eyes.

Five minutes afterward Lex rustled down, and on the drawing-room threshold, stopped, transfixed.

"What is it, Alexia?" her aunt asked, finding her there with her hand on the door which she had drawn noiselessly shut.

"A most ridiculous mistake, aunt Rose. Mr. Schoenberger's German accent misled me. I suppose. The man is Mr. Farrington, and I am afraid it is Dana he is in love with, not me."

Mrs. Oliphant's face was habitually pale, but it turned to a deadly pallor, before she quietly put her niece aside and went into the room.

CHAPTER X.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.
Much can be said in five minutes when both lips and eyes speak.

Dana had looked up to see Launt Farrington before her, grown thin and worn since she had seen him last; Launt had looked down to see the color well radiantly back into her pensive face—not pensive now.

"You are not sorry to see me, Miss Oliphant?" he asked.

"I supposed you had gone South before this."

"I couldn't go until I had seen you again, Dana," with a sudden burst. "I had to come, whether my coming be agreeable or otherwise. I love you, and I want your love."

"You knew it, Launt."

"She knew her own heart too well to hesitate one instant in replying."

"And may I have you with me, soon, as my wife?"

"If you want me—if papa and mamma can be prevailed upon to say yes."

"Ah, my darling, that is the trouble. Some part. They do not like me; they would not let me see you when I called before."

"Did you call before?" asked Dana, in astonishment.

"Two weeks ago. They were on the point of going out together and I did not detain them. I asked for you, but Mrs. Oliphant told me you were engaged and could not be seen. They were so cold to me, Dana, that I lost my courage, and went away heavy-hearted, never expecting to come back again."

"Oh, Mr. Farrington—Launt, I mean!" It was this exclamation that Alexia heard, as she stood for an instant in the open doorway. In that instant she realized the mistake she had made.

and retreating softly, closed the door after her. Dana was looking up into her lover's face with shining eyes. "But you came," she said, softly.

"I did not really go. I found a letter from my grandmother awaiting me at the hotel, which had been forwarded from New York. It gave me a reprieve, and I lingered, not bold enough to put my fate to the touch by going directly to your father before I had the assurance I now have from you. I wish you knew how happy you have made me, Dana. I have been wretched and jealous. I watched you often when you did not dream of it."

"From across the street, and at Mr. Schoenberger's studio?" asked Dana, with a mischievous gleam, though thinking at the same time how much brighter she would have been had she known it then.

"Good little Schoenberger!" said Launt, with a laugh. "I wonder if he suspected that I only went there because I picked up a word about you? If he were not a married man with a rising family, I should think him madly in love with your cousin, he sang her praises so persistently."

"Poor Lex!" and Dana echoed the laugh. She imagined Lex's chagrin when she should learn the truth, not suspecting that Lex had arrived at it already. The next moment the door opened and Mrs. Oliphant entered. One glance was enough to tell her how far matters had gone; if it had not, Launt was ready enough, now that he knew Dana's mind.

"And with your permission, dear Mrs. Oliphant," he finished his appeal to her, "I will go to your husband at once. I want to set myself right in your sight and his; I hope to prove that I am not altogether unworthy of your daughter."

"If it has come to that, I will go to him," said Mrs. Oliphant, slowly. "Dana, you will make no promises; Mr. Farrington, you will bind her to none, until her father and I talk this matter over. I ask it."

"Ah, Mrs. Oliphant, it is too late for that. Promise or no promise, we are pledged to each other," said Launt, seeking his confirmation in Dana's eyes.

A stranger was leaving the library as Mrs. Oliphant entered it, a man of the "shabby genteel" order, who bowed and held open the door, darting a keen, searching look into the lady's face as she passed.

"Who was that, Power?" she asked.

"Only Harmon Quest—Alexia's Mr. Quest, you know, Rose. I might call him mine, now, as aptly. He is a very tolerable lawyer, and has been making himself useful in these real-estate negotiations of mine. He's the cleverest of fellows at getting hold of secret points."

Rose did not give the lawyer a second thought.

"Power," she said, "I may as well tell you at once, the time we have dreaded has come."

"That time was bound to come sooner or later," Mr. Oliphant remarked, when he had heard all she had to tell. "And really, dear, I don't share your antipathy to that young man. I am in no hurry to lose our girl, and I did what I could to discourage him—and felt guilty every time I looked into the child's drooping face. If Dana likes him, and they have made it up together, you and I must put away our scruples and stand aside."

"If it were any one else," cried Rose, passionately. "If it were Gordon Marquis I could trust him. But that man! Power, I feel that he has only won her from us to break her heart."

Mr. Oliphant took his wife's hand in a loving clasp. These two were fond lovers in their middle age.

"I understand your prejudice against his Southern origin, and that is his chief objection in my eyes. He will be wanting to take Dana away from us, but I can never consent to that. We must make it a condition that he shall settle here. For the rest, the secret will be as safe when Dana marries as it is now. The one fact that he need ever know—that she is an adopted child—will not have a feather's weight with him if he is the true stuff."

"If he is the true stuff!" repeated Mrs. Oliphant to herself, almost with a groan. And he is, in the way Power means. He would marry her, if she were a beggar's daughter. But how would it be if he knew whose child she is?"

It was Mrs. Oliphant who carried the result of their conference to Dana, and Launt was summoned to the library before he departed, to give a full account of himself, his family, and his prospects, to the father of his love. It was a satisfactory account in the main, though the element which would have weighed with many fathers, money, had little part in it. But the Farringtons, once a wealthy family, were influential still. Launt himself held the lease of a sugar plantation, which, under his judicious management rendered an assured income sufficient to the wants of a young pair who were not ambitious of mere display. He was not presumptuous, then, in aspiring to the hand of Dana Oliphant, prospective heiress though she might be.

"You may consider the inequality as existing on the other side," said the older man, not without a slight tremor. "You come of the old creole stock, who have their pride of birth as strong as any aristocracy on earth. Dear as she is to me, she is not really my daughter, but a nameless waif adopted in her earliest infancy. Does that fact make any difference with you?"

"None, not the slightest." Pride of birth was certainly not Launt Farrington's weakness.

"Then," said Mr. Oliphant, more warmly, "I shall not throw any insurmountable obstacles in the way of your suit."

There were sundry conditions to be imposed, nevertheless, first among them that no formal engagement should be entered into just yet.

"That is your decree, mamma," cried Dana, when she heard it. "It is you who have been opposed to Launt throughout. Papa liked him at first, likes him still. Why are you so set against him?"

"It was a question which Mrs. Oliphant parried.

"You hardly know him yet, my child," she said, tenderly. "Only ask you to take time before binding yourself

irrevocably; this fancy may wear itself out if you will but wait and contrast him with others."

"It will never wear out until I die," said Dana, not passionately, not rebelliously, but with a fixed belief in the truth of what she said. "Do you know, mamma, I believe I must come of some loyal race—poor and obscure, perhaps—but loyal to death. If fate were so unkind as to part me from Launt, I could never love another, in that way, until I died."

An inscrutable change went over the face of the older woman.

"You don't know, you don't know," she said, sadly, as if she might have thought as Dana did, one day.

There was no absolute engagement, therefore, but Launt was admitted as a daily visitor to the house, happiness enough in itself for the lovers.

"And happiness brightens my cousin up wonderfully, don't you think so, Mr. Marquis?" Alexia inquired.

It was two or three evenings later, a dull and rainy evening, and the family party had deserted the drawing-room to assemble in the library. Launt was there as one having the right; and Gordon Marquis, conspicuous by his absence since the day of his rival's appearance had dropped in quite in his old informal way.

He looked across at Dana with unmistakable regret in his eyes.

"Is it the happiness?" he asked. "I thought it was in my imagination, as blessings brighten when they take their flight."

"You know all about it, then?"

"Mrs. Oliphant had the kindness to tell me, to spare me from future mistakes. She had the goodness to say—I mean, to be sorry for me," suddenly checking himself.

"To say that she would prefer it if you were the fiancé-elect," Lex supplied the break. "There's no mistaking Aunt Rose's preference, no mistaking her dislike of the favored man. You have observed it, I suppose. I wonder why she dislikes Mr. Farrington so much?"

Before he could make any reply, the door opened and a servant announced Mr. Quest.

"You, Harmon?" said Mr. Oliphant, in some surprise. "Come in. Have you news for me?"

Mr. Quest gave a slight bow to the assembled company, a deeper bow to his questioner, and addressed himself to the latter.

"News which chiefly concern myself. I am going on a journey soon which will interfere with the small services I have been able to render you, sir."

"Going far?" asked the gentleman, leaving his sofa to approach the desk.

"I'm afraid all these calls on your time must interfere sadly with that literary venture of yours."

"They do," said Mr. Quest, "but I think of abandoning that enterprise for another, which promises better—private inquiry line, half way between lawyer and detective—and requiring the qualities of both of them. It's a case of that kind which is taking me now. Thanks."

As Mr. Oliphant scribbled something upon a slip of paper and passed it to him. This something he knew to be a check for the services he had rendered, and put it into his pocket without looking at the amount. "The job I have before me," he continued, "is to hunt up an heir to a snug sum of money which has gone begging for an owner these last eighteen years."

"A long time for money to be unclaimed, surely."

"But you see, there are some peculiar circumstances about the case which rather take away from the pleasure of the inheritance. The previous owner, once the member of a banking firm at a little place in New York, was hanged for the murder of his partner. He left a wife, and—presumably—a child; but they disappeared without laying claim to what he left. I'm starting out on an eighteen-year-old track to hunt them up, and if I don't find Rodney France's wife and heir—or heiress, as the case may be—it will be because they are no longer on the face of the earth."

There was a gleam in the eyes of the speaker as they swept the audience.

At the words "Rodney France's wife and heir," Launt Farrington turned, made as if he would have spoken, then sank back into his seat, and put up his hand before his changing face. He was not the only one upon whom they seemed to exert a magical effect.

Mr. Oliphant wheeled. "Rose!" he cried. She had risen, wild terror in her wide open eyes. She stood for one instant wavering and ghastly, and then, as her husband reached her, sank unconscious in his arms.

CHAPTER XI.

DROPPING A HINT.
"You are going to marry that girl!"

It was Mr. Killuth who said it, Mr. Killuth who lay back in his chair, and looked across the breakfast table at his morning visitor with keen, cold, disapproving eyes. The visitor was Launt Farrington, of course. He had come by a late train to New York the previous evening, had gone to his hotel for the night, and, at the earliest permissible hour next morning, dropped in upon this old friend, who might be excused for wondering what had become of his late *compagnon du voyage*—for Launt had left precipitately for the other city with only the briefest of brief notes to explain his absence:

"DEAR K.: Going out of town for a day or two. Will see you before I go South."

The day or two had lengthened its indefinite term into twice as many weeks before he returned—returned with this news at his tongue's end, for the conditions attached to the proposed alliance sat easily upon Launt's conscience.

Launt had said he was not to bind their daughter just yet with a betrothal ring; they were not denying him one privilege of an accepted lover; they did not damp his hopes of a speedy consent to a speedy marriage, when their unceasing reluctance should at last give way.

"You are going to marry that girl!" repeated Mr. Killuth, as much agast as if he had said: "You are going to murder that girl!"

"Good Heavens, Launt! I had put that fear quite out of my mind. I thought you gave me reason to think—that they did not encourage you."

"They discouraged me by all possible means while they could," explained

Launt. "They only tolerate me as a suitor on probation now; all the same I am going to marry my darling, soon. Mrs. Oliphant—it is Mrs. Oliphant who opposes me, by-the-by—has given me that grain of comfort. 'Surely, you can afford to be patient now,' she said. 'When our consent is once given, you shall have your own way.'"

"What does she object to," mused, rather than asked, Mr. Killuth. "Your poverty? Three or four thousand a year is poverty, I suppose, to one reared in the lap of luxury—as Rose Sangerford was."

"I don't think it is that. She was willing to take up that artist, no better off than myself. She doubts and mistrusts me, as it is natural a mother should—more than is natural, I believe. She credits me with being fickle, unstable, ready to fall out of love as readily as I fell in. It isn't a flattering appreciation, or a true one."

"It may be truer than you think. Look here, Launt, I was your father's friend, as I am yours, and he was as madly infatuated, twice in his short life, as you are to-day. He left your mother for La June's siren smiles. How are you to tell that you are better than he?"

A dark red flush went swiftly over the young man's face. All his life he had resented the wrong done to his mother, and laid it, along with his father's last reckless act, to the score of the siren, whom Madame Farrington had taught him to hate.

"We will not bring my father's name into discussion," he said, coldly. Then, in a changed tone: "Killuth, you told me once that that woman was dead. Do you know it beyond doubt?"

"As well as I know anything from mere report. She died of yellow fever, in Cuba, I believe."

"What became of her child?"

"Her what?"

Launt told him of that incident of the library, and Mr. Quest's proposed search.

"Is it not strange that it should have happened before me?" he asked. "I had it on my tongue to tell him of her death, but I found myself growing sick and faint with the recollections which that name brought up. Mrs. Oliphant fainted outright a moment after, and I can't divest myself of the idea that something in the association had its effect upon her."

"Little wonder—little wonder," said Killuth, in what was for him a pitying tone. "You don't seem to know, Launt, that it was Rose Sangerford whom Rodney France jilted for that creature, La June. She consoled herself for her disappointment, but the old love lingers in her memory yet, it would seem. And *apropos* of the passion, what does Madame Farrington say to this proposed alliance of yours?"

"What any fond female relative is apt to say in such a case," smiled Launt. "Has her fears for me, her doubts if any match to be made be good enough for her boy, is doubly indignant that they are not all ready to say 'yes, sir, and thank you,' the moment I propose. What is more to the point, she is seriously thinking of coming North for the summer. I stay, in any event. I doubt very much if I go home at all until I go on my wedding-tour."

A Cunning Elephant.

The highest mental faculties are more developed in the elephant than in any other animal, except the dog and the monkey. The general fact that elephants are habitually employed in parts of India for storing timber, building, etc., shows a high level of docile intelligence. But perhaps in no labor in which they are employed do they display a more wonderful sagacity than in helping to catch wild elephants. A herd of wild elephants is driven into a corral, and two tame ones ridden in among them. Two decoys will crowd up on either side of a wild one, and protect the noose until a rope is fastened round the wild elephant's leg, when the tame one, to whose collar the other end of the rope is fastened, will drag the captive out and wind the rope round a tree, while the other decoy prevents any interference from the herd, and pushes the captive toward the tree, thus enabling the first one to take in the snare of the rope. The conduct of the tame ones during all the proceedings is truly wonderful. They display the most perfect conception of every movement, both of the object to be attained and the means to accomplish it. On one occasion, in tying up a large elephant, he contrived, before he could be hauled close up to the tree, to walk once or twice around it, carrying the rope with him; the decoy, perceiving the advantage he had thus gained over the noose, walked up of her own accord and pushed him backward with her head till she had made him unwind himself again, upon which the rope was hauled tight and made fast.

One could almost fancy there was a display of dry humor in the manner in which the decoys thus play with the ears of the wild herd, and make light of their efforts at resistance. When reluctant they shove them forward, when violent they drive them back; when the wild ones throw themselves down, the tame ones butt them with the head and shoulders and force them up again; when it is necessary to keep them down, they kneel upon them, and prevent them from rising till the ropes are secured.

A remarkable degree of cunning was displayed by an elephant who had been chained to a tree, and whose driver had made an oven at a short distance in which to put some rice-cakes to bake. The man covered his oven with stone and grass and went away. When he was gone the elephant with his trunk, unfastened the chain round his foot, went to the oven and uncovered it, took out the cakes, recovered the oven with the stone and grass as before, and went back to his place. He could not fasten the chain again around his own foot, so he twisted it round and round it, in order to look the same, and when the driver returned the elephant was standing with his back to the oven. The driver went to his cakes, discovered the theft, and, looking round, caught the elephant's eye as he looked back over his shoulder out of the corner of it. Instantly he detected the culprit, and condign punishment followed.

Popular Science Monthly.

Fool's Gold.

As every substance has its shadow, every genuine article has its imitation; it is not expected that gold itself, the king of metals, should have its counterfeit, natural or artificial. Leaving aside the latter class, from time immemorial have men been deceived by those of the former, that is, in mistaking other minerals for gold.

A farmer's lad, slowly wading through a little stream, looks down into the water, and there, brought into view by the sparkling rays of the sun, he sees something glistening and shimmering so brightly that, seized by sudden curiosity, he breaks his hand through the bed of the brook and brings up a handful of sand interspersed with shining yellow specks, and, behold, he has found gold! So he fancies, and the wonderful discovery is noised far and wide. A sample is quickly sent to some expert, and the report is, mica in sand. But who can blame the infatuated, self-deceived rustic? It looks like gold to him, and his castle in the air rises higher and higher until the rude fiat of the one who does know dashes it to the ground.

It is not so long ago that a pill-box containing an ounce or more of this mica-bearing sand was sent to me to ascertain its value; and the sender was exceedingly disappointed when I informed him of its worthless character. And to-day I preserve some of it in my cabinet to show my visitors, and when the question is asked of each as to its nature, nine out of ten promptly reply that it is gold. Then, as a short, practical lesson in mineralogy of this metal, a second bottle, containing sand carrying the genuine article is brought out, and the difference is seen at once.

What assayer, mining engineer, mineralogist, or metallurgist has not had the same experience?

But mica is not the mineral that has done the most harm. Pyrites of iron and copper (copper pyrites or chalcopryrite), and pyrites of iron, the "fool's gold," have misled thousands.

In general appearance, this "fool's gold" is not so very unlike the true gold, that is, when the latter is not directly compared with it. It has a bright, yellow, metallic luster on the surfaces of unoxidized pieces and the interiors of freshly-broken pieces which are decomposed on the outside.

In 1608, about the time of the first settlement of Virginia, the colonists, believing that they had discovered grains of gold in a stream of water near Jamestown, the entire industry of the town was directed to digging, washing, refining and loading gold; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Smith, a ship was actually freighted with the glistening earth and sent to England." (Willson's American History). Whether this glistening earth was mica or minute pyrites in the clay or sand, history does not tell us, but presumably the latter, since it is found to a considerable extent throughout that State.

From that time down to the present, the mistake has often been made, not imagining the pyrites to contain gold, but that it is gold.

There is probably no other metalliferous mineral more widely distributed than iron pyrites. It is found in rocks of every age, and almost in all parts of the world. Hardly a State or Territory of the United States but contains it to a greater or less degree, hence the great prevalence of the error concerning it.

To illustrate: A colored man in Mississippi mailed me a lump of this mineral, water-worn into a rude resemblance of a gold nugget, and desired me to sell it for him! All I could do was to tell him of its worthlessness, and instead of a piece of gold worth \$30 to \$50 as he supposed, it was, in fact, not worth the postage paid on it.

To come nearer home: From two separate places in Michigan, and from two different counties in Wisconsin has the same mineral with the same question been sent me, and lately an intelligent-looking gentleman brought me three or four pounds of this same delusive stuff, picked up on the shores of our lake, twenty miles north. It is needless, perhaps, to say that they were all disappointed in their great expectations.

From all that I have written there can as surely be deduced a moral as it can from the history of any nation, race or sect, or life of any eminent individual, and the moral is a more practical education in all of our schools.

I do not refer to those institutions which make a specialty of teaching geology, mineralogy, metallurgy, and saying or other branches of science, but to the average, the common schools, for it is in such that the majority of our people obtains all it knows of books and learning. It should be as imperative for the scholar to know a lump of coal from a piece of iron ore, to be able to distinguish a copper ore from one of lead, to learn the difference between granite and limestone, between "fool's gold" and real gold, as it is for him to learn that six and seven do not make eleven or that the wonderful English language is capable of pronouncing rough as ruff and bough as bow!

It is not necessary to make of the youth whose entire school education is acquired in one or two years an expert mineralogist—there are limits to all things—but simply to know more of the material things, such as he is likely to meet with in his every day life.

To give a point to my moral and to return to my subject, let the one who finds something bright and yellow and imagines it to be gold try to cut it (if it be large enough to handle) with his knife. If it cuts easily (somewhat like lead) and flattens by use of hammer and anvil, it probably is what it is thought to be, at all events it is "worth investigating. If, on the contrary, the specimen is too hard to be cut (iron pyrites), or crumbles instead of being sliced (copper pyrites), it certainly is not gold. Finish the test by placing some of the suspected mineral, powdered, in a common iron spoon over a fire. If, when it has been well-heated, fumes arise and a smell as of a burning match is perceived, then pyrites is present, for it is the sulphur leaving the iron (or iron and copper) with which it was united to form the pyrites that causes the fumes and odor.

In conclusion, let the enthusiastic seeker of the precious metal remember the ancient but wise adage that "All is not gold that outward showeth bright."

Walter Lee Brown, in Mining Review

PITH AND POINT.

"The donkey never suffers from softening of the brain."

"Tight pants and tight dresses have both gone out of style, but it seems as if tight men never will.—Chicago Tribune.

"A crabbed old bachelor says: 'When rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half they are married.'"

"The latest freak of fashion in New York is to have the feet photographed. It was tried in Chicago but given up because it was impossible to get a whole foot into focus.—Philadelphia News.

"A French lady at Nice went to her room, put on a white satin dress and blew out her brains. It ruined her dressmaker, as ladies considered she was 'driven to the deed by the badness of the fit.'—Boston Post.

"Two white tramps have been sent to the chain-gang for throwing kisses at the young ladies of a Georgia seminary. The privileges of the American citizen seem to be getting very limited indeed.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"The average age of different men is put down thus: Merchants, 55; physicians and lawyers, 58; farmers, 61; clergymen, 64; and great geniuses, 75. It will be observed from the above that the journalistic profession tends to longevity.

"Edith—The fact that you do not know what 'rock salt' is shows that you have never kept house. Rock salt comes in little bags labeled 'best family table salt.' It has to be pounded with a flat-iron before you can get any out.—Philadelphia News.

"There is one good thing about this two-cent postage. The swarm of spring poets won't be compelled to face the dreadful fact that the stamp on the envelope is worth three times as much as the poem inside. It will only be worth twice as much.—Chicago Times.

"Little George, age four, saw and heard a violin for the first time. He thought it very funny, and this is the way he described it: 'Why, mamma, I couldn't help laughing. The man had the funniest little piano you ever saw, and he held it up to his neck and pulled the music out with a stick.'—N. Y. Tribune.

"A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, after giving an account of the attempted suicide of a woman who checked herself with one of her stockings, adds: 'I am informed that the stocking was a red and blue striped.' Accuracy in details is an important article in the stock in trade of a newspaper man.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"A bashful young man went three times to ask a beautiful young lady if he might be the partner of her joys and sorrows and other household furniture, but each time his heart failed him and he took the question away unpopped. She saw the anguish of his soul and had compassion on him. So the next time he came she asked him if he thought to bring a screw-driver with him. He blushed and wanted to know what for. And she, in the fullness of her heart, said she didn't know but he'd want to screw up his courage before he left. He took the hint and the girl.—Largo.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

"The latest discovery is coal-tar sugar. Its advantage is said to lie in its superior sweetness.